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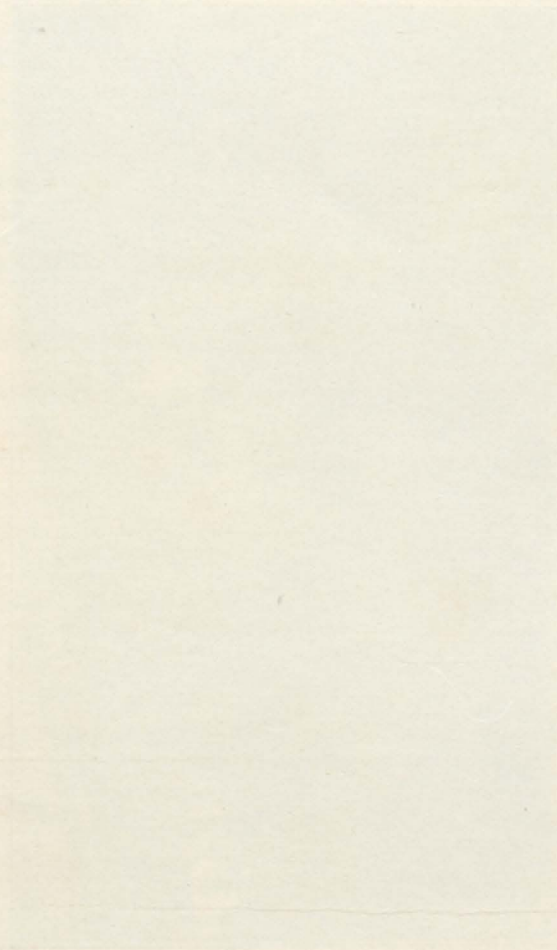
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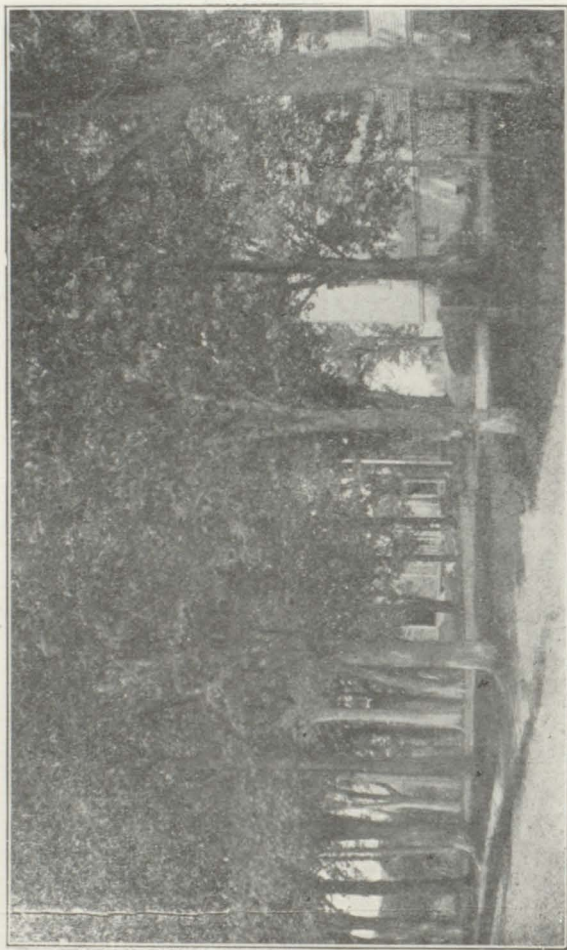
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The Academy Herald

Vol. 1, No. 1, 1901





ONE VIEW OF THE CAMPUS.

The Academy Herald

VOL. XVIII, BETHEL, MAINE, DECEMBER, 1913. NO. 1.

THE ACADEMY HERALD
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GOULD'S ACADEMY

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The school year is now well on its way, all the work carefully organized and systematized, and the school mechanism in excellent running order. An unusually high standard of deportment is noticeable, and such harmony between teachers and pupils as can result only from the highest mutual confidence and respect. Long may these ideal relations exist, for only under such conditions can be developed that which is best in character and scholarship.

— 0 —

Many a page of the "Herald" has been filled with editorials on the subject of school loyalty. It sounds well on paper, but an ounce of practice is worth a pound of theory. Loyalty usually involves self-sacrifice. I suppose

the writers think they show both loyalty and self-sacrifice in writing the editorials, but, if that is all, it seems to us much like "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." How many of you, schoolmates and alumni, would be willing to deny yourselves an evening at a moving picture show to attend a basket ball game? That's the chance to show what stuff you're made of, and, judging by it, some of us feel as if the alumni and girls were not much interested in "dear old Gould's."

—o—

When the old bell summoned us together in the class room this fall there came to us three kinds of students: First, the new students, who cannot help being interested because of the novelty of each new interest as it presents itself. However, they are sooner or later to develop into one of the two following classes. Second, there is the old student, who comes to school because it is the proper thing to do, or because he is urged to do it. The glamour has worn off and the hard, dull routine is the only side that remains for him. He studies and works along, enjoying nothing and not even seeing anything worthy of enjoyment. We would urge this man to rouse himself to the varied interests of school life, to take a real interest in school and strengthen its institutions with his own personal "boosting." The third class we need not say much about. We do not need to. We all know him. He shows himself on the athletic field, in

the class room, in the organizations, with his real, live spirit. He takes an active interest in everything. He is the many-sided student.

Our word now is one to the new students. May they be won over to the third class immediately, so that the student of listlessness may pass away forever and leave at Gould's only the active, alert, all-round student. Our advice is:—

Be all you can,
Try all you can,
Do all you can,
And push.

—o—

In this world the man who succeeds is the man who can stick; the man who can grit his teeth and hang on with the last ounce of strength in his body, disregarding discouragements, hardships, and pain; the man who never gives up. A man who is easily discouraged can never amount to much. In every undertaking there are disadvantages, and the greater the undertaking, the more disadvantages there are. Everyone admires a stayer; there are few harder names to call a man than a "quitter."

It is a hard matter to keep on at one thing day in and day out, through disappointments and discouragements, but the ability to do this generally means success—perhaps not always worldly success,—but surely success in the strengthening of character. There are men who are failures in the eyes of the world, who see their cherished

work ruined again and again, and who, each time, patiently rebuild it from the beginning. But even if these men never attain the goal for which they strive, they are not failures. No one really fails who is strong enough to persevere against all odds, and to keep on struggling even though the fight is a losing one.

Every man is like a child who is given some blocks with which to amuse himself. He straightway sets out to build a great structure, a church, perhaps, or a tower, or a fort. With utmost care and patient skill he labors until the building is almost completed. But the fates push it over, and the precious work is only a mass of blocks. If the builder is an ordinary man he says, "Oh, I never did like building churches (or towers, or forts). I'll build a castle!" And he starts to make one. But if he is an extraordinary man, one who sticks, he says, "There must have been something wrong with that church (or tower, or fort). I'll see if I can't better it." And he sets himself to improve his former work. The next time the fates push it down he says the same thing, and he begins again from the beginning. Perhaps he never makes a perfect church, or tower, or fort. Perhaps he dies beside a mass of useless blocks, or a half finished structure. That is as the fates decree. But he is not a failure, however little he may have accomplished materially. He has done his work faithfully and to the best of his ability, and that is the highest success.

THE VALUE OF ATTENTION.

When the Drill Master takes charge of a squad of awkward, undisciplined men the first command used is, "Attention!" He means a great many things by that one word: look at me, listen, put your mind on what I tell you, remember what I teach you, give me all your mind to work with, and a host of other things. And ever afterwards it will mean the same thing to the soldier.

To define Attention, it means "a steady application of the mind." The power of concentrating our thoughts upon our studies is the surest and quickest way of attaining knowledge or of making a success of what we may attempt to do. Every student should try to cultivate this power, for by so doing he can make the best use of his time and is thus kept from the temptation to idleness and mischief, which means stealing time from some one else.

It often happens that a subject that is uninteresting to us at first, grows upon us if we work hard and try to understand it, and in a short time we enjoy it and are even enthusiastic about it. Almost anyone can think hard, when he is entirely alone, but it is of more use to be able to ignore all outside influences and become absorbed in the work at hand. We know schoolmates who can do this when they have an interesting story book, who have no idea that they could do the same with a hard lesson, if they would only try. I have heard of an old lady, who, on coming home from church, always said, "That was a beautiful sermon?" "Oh, no, I don't know what it was about, but it was lovely." I don't believe she would make a good

reporter, or that she paid much attention to what was said.

In many professions people are obliged to cultivate this power of concentration. A reporter in giving a correct reproduction of a speech or of a trial must forget that there is anyone present but himself, so as to devote his whole attention to what is being said. After a short time it becomes a habit with him to give up his whole attention to one thing. In the same way a telegraph operator can read the message going by him on the wires, while people are talking in the room. This habit is invaluable to stenographers, for in writing a letter from dictation, a misplaced word may alter the whole meaning of a business letter and perhaps do much harm. The train dispatcher in a railroad station is a good example of attention to business. In all the noise of trains coming and going, hurrying feet, and the general confusion of a railroad office, the safety of the many who travel on his road depends upon his sending the trains right.

Sometimes when a class is reciting at school, the teacher tries to explain something that is not clear to all the scholars. Many will be giving their attention to something else, so that the teacher is often obliged to repeat the explanation for several successive days. The inattentive ones will wonder why they can't see through it as quickly as the others. And it is just for the simple reason that they did not pay the right kind of attention. If they would only realize that they are robbing themselves of knowledge and the teacher of time, they would surely pay better attention.

If students would only try to form the habit of attention while at school, it would be of the greatest value to them all their lives. For a careless worker is never successful.

If we are to be well drilled soldiers in the battle of life, we must always listen for the command, "Attention!" Giving undivided attention to the task in hand is fulfilling the precept, "Whatever your hand finds to do, do it with your might."

S. K.

CHILD LABOR.

The question of child labor has long been one of the most important, exigent, and interesting that have ever devolved upon a people for solution. Let us consider its laws, enemies, and consequences in our own country.

In general the states of our union forbid the labor of children at ages varying from ten to fourteen years. The Northern states require a certain number of year's schooling before a child is allowed to do daily work. In many of the Southern states there are no laws whatever upon the question. Mites of children six years old are at work in the cotton mills.

Let us glance at the laws and conditions in the State of Maine. Children under fourteen years of age are forbidden to work in any business during school hours. The employer of minors must hold a certificate showing age of child, as recorded by town clerk, and a certificate of his or her education, issued by Superintendent of Schools.

The laws regarding age of children are enforced to a degree, but the parents instruct the children to give their ages falsely, and the factory managers often conceal the younger portion of the children, while the inspector is visiting the mill. The children are educated to consider themselves fortunate,

rather than unfortunate, in having the opportunity to work and in being sly enough to keep out of school.

The associates of the children who early begin work are those who have likewise grown up in factory life. They learn to use tobacco and profanity, and the drink habit seizes many. The young mind grasps quickly the lessons before him, whether in school or in factory. Are the numbers of the lawless class and the crowded prisons and reform schools surprising?

Many of the factories are unclean, and for the most part the machinery is poorly guarded. The little folk lose fingers, break arms, and are sometimes killed as a result of these conditions. The air in factories is in many cases foul and full of dust, which the tender lungs inhale. But the factory is not the worst, there are the mines. Many little boys toil in the darkness, dust, and dangers of the mines. The little hands are cut by the slate and stones, and have no medical attendance. It is strange that so few die from bloodpoison. If the little one is fortunate enough to escape other misfortunes, he is soon seized by a cough, caused by the dust, and must soon increase the number of little graves on the hillside.

Still another condition is made by the work put into the homes. There may be found a mother and four or five little children in a rent of two or three, or perhaps only one room, forced to earn their daily bread because of the father's death. The work of sewing on buttons in the dim light is the cause of the great number of eye troubles. The work may be upon articles made from tobacco, or the folding of fancy gilded boxes for Christmas candy. In either case, the dust made by their work is constantly in the air, and, alighting upon their food and water, in a short time serious con-

sequences follow.

These are the men and women of tomorrow. Dwarfed and stunted in growth, underfed and worn out, their little bodies bent, and their faces seamed with the lines of age at the time when they should be flushed with health and free to romp and play, deprived of almost all educational opportunities and compelled to go on, year after year, at night work and at day work, in ignorance and helplessness—this is a spectacle which might well excite the indignation of every right-thinking man and woman. Can we, as a Christian Nation, hope to stand at the head of the world, and be swayed by the vote of such a population. They must be educated and rise above their sole aim, to acquire the "Almighty Dollar."

The mind of the man at his work does not wander from the noisy clatter of the machinery to the distant lands with verdant fields, for he has never conceived their beauty. The wife can not cook and serve a wholesome meal to save her life. The man has no pride to keep the appearance of his home yard, or the surroundings clean, for there is no money in it. He does not know the results of obnoxious germs.

There is a widespread complaint against confinement of children in poorly ventilated schoolrooms in a day of physical inactivity. But if confinement in a schoolroom is injurious, what of the factory, where often the processes of child labor also compel physical inaction at the almost automatic machines? Under the most objectionable conditions the child is confined in school only one thousand hours annually, while the child at work toils three thousand hours annually, without the vacations and happy pastimes of the school children.

It is often said that the brightest

gems are found in the gloomiest surroundings, but not so with life; no plant can grow in delicate beauty and sturdy health without sunshine and air. Neither can humanity develop uneducated, dirty, and amid noisome surroundings, to become leaders and co-workers of an exemplary, educated and christian people. Child labor will continue to be one of the most vital questions, until the problem it offers is solved wholly in behalf of the children, and the sound of the spindles no longer mingles with the tramp of little feet.

I. H. R.

THE LUPERCALIA.

The Roman year was waning. It was the happy month of flowers and birds when every loyal heart in Italy was preparing for the Lupercalia.

Virginia, alone in her chamber, knelt by her golden couch, and lifting her snowy arms to Heaven prayed to All Mighty Zeus to deliver her from the tyrant of her father's choice. Then, rising, sought the presence of her father.

There she stood, like a statue carved in purest marble, with one hand upraised, demanding silence. Clear and sweet her voice fell upon the listening ears.—“Noble father, Gaius Plancius, dearly you love me; but still you think you know the best, and force me to marry Caius Lartius, one whom I loathe. Grant me one favor, to wed the man I love, and I shall be content.”

Her father spoke,—“Virginia, fairest maiden of all Rome, well thou knowest my will and that I have no fondness for your lover, Lucius Valerius, but, dearest of all daughters,

you shall have your wish. You know to-night there meets in the cave on the Palatine Hill the holy feast of the Lupercal, where every maiden casts within a golden vessel her name, which then is sought for by a youth. If, by this rite, you win the man you love, I'll wish you well, and give you both a father's blessing.”

Twilight fell. The streets of Rome were ablaze with torches. The air was filled with the heavy perfume of flowers. The streets gave back the echo of many dancing feet, and every ear was filled with the sweet music of the youths and maidens merrily wending their way to the feast of the Lupercal.

At last the feast was over, the mighty leader of the flock was sacrificed to the “Martyr of Rome,” and, finally, within the midst of the vast circle of people, was placed the golden vessel. Then the happy maidens, winding their snowy arms about each other, danced blithely to the golden vessel and tossed therein tiny shells on which were carved their names.

All but Virginia were happy. After tossing her shell with the rest, she stood apart, her hands pressed to her bosom; her breath came in gasps; the still night air seemed to stifle her, for her very life depended on the outcome of this ceremony.

Then came the youths and drew from out the golden bowl the tiny shells.

Oh! would Lucius Valerius, Caius Lartius, or some strange youth find her token?

’Twas done! Each happy youth sought out his maiden, who, on the next feast day would be his bride and Virginia lay sobbing in the arms of her lover. Their friends, gathering around them, knowing how sorely they had been tried in love, danced and sang till at last they sank exhausted to the velvety sod beneath them.

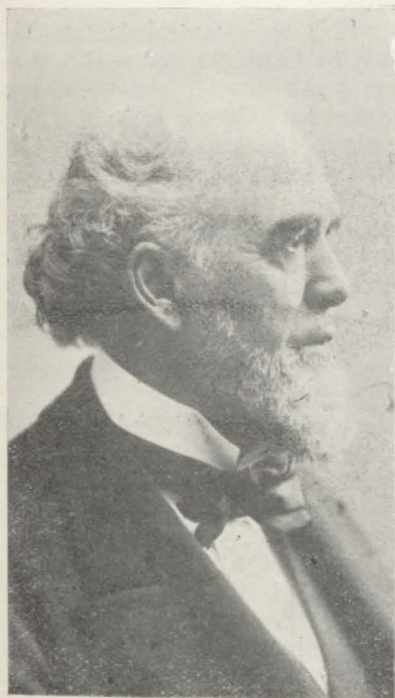
Then came Gaius Plancius, and, smil-

ing on them, said, "Ever should'st thou bless the good St. Lupercus and his magic bowl, receive my blessing, O, my children."

Note.—The Lupercalia is the ceremony from which it is believed we get our St. Valentine's Day.

M. H. F.

OBITUARIES.



HON. L. E. HOLDEN.

Hon. Liberty E. Holden, an alumnus of Gould's Academy and a trustee of the school since 1900, died at his home in Cleveland, Ohio, Aug. 26, 1913, at the age of eighty years.

Among the benefactors of Gould's Academy Mr. Holden stands first, not only in the magnitude of his gifts, but in his deep, personal interest in the welfare of the institution. His gifts of a Principal's home and Holden Hall, a delightful home for teachers and students, have linked his name with the school for all time. He was, also, a generous contributor toward the purchase of an athletic field, as well as to the fund for building and equipping a physical and chemical laboratory. Whoever may lose his place in the history of Gould's Academy, an honored place will ever be reserved for this most loyal son, whose love and interest ended only with life.

Liberty Emery Holden, owner and publisher of the Cleveland Plain Dealer, was born June 20, 1833, in Raymond, Cumberland County, State of Maine. He was the son of Liberty Holden and Sally Cox Stearns Holden, who moved onto a farm in Sweden, Oxford County, Maine, when the subject of this sketch was a child.

Richard Holden, his paternal ancestor, came to America from England in 1634 and settled in Watertown, Mass., and afterwards in Groton. The Holdens in Maine are nearly all descendants from Lieutenant John Holden, a Revolutionary soldier, who enlisted in Stoneham, Mass. Through his mother, who was the daughter of Levi Stearns, he was a descendant of Isaac Stearns, who came to this country from England with Governor John Winthrop, the first Governor of Massachusetts, and settled in Watertown in 1620. Through his grandmother, Lydia Cox Stearns, he was connected with the Joslyn, Peabody, Southworth, Soul and Alden families. He was thus in direct lineage connected with Elizabeth Alden, eldest daughter of John Alden and Priscilla Mullens Alden, of the Mayflower, whom Longfellow has made immortal in his "Why

don't you speak for yourself, John?'' the answer which Priscilla gave to John when he was delivering Miles Standish's proposal for marriage.

Mr. Holden, brought up on his father's farm, in Sweden, Oxford County, Maine, in his early manhood, was a teacher. He remembered with gratitude the friendship and ability of his old teacher in Sweden and Bridgton, Simeon Walker. Mr. Holden taught a district school in Chatham, N. H., when he was sixteen years old. He said that nothing ever came to him which was more valued than the books and other tokens of appreciation of his work, given to him by his pupils. He kept them all and often referred to them as trophies won in his early life. This training as a teacher was of great value to him. It impressed upon his mind the value of schools and made him a democrat in its broadest sense. He settled it as a life-long conviction that all permanent reforms are educational, and that true patriotism is grounded in correct education. He was prepared for college at Gould's Academy, Bethel, Maine, under Dr. N. T. True, whom he revered with love and respect. While preparing for college, he taught district schools in Chatham, N. H., Bethel, Maine, Walpole and Wrentham, Mass., and select or high schools at Denmark, Lovell and Bridgton, Maine.

In the fall of 1853, he entered Waterville College, now Colby College, but stayed out one year teaching, and went back at the beginning of the Junior year. Having decided to make his home in the West, he entered the University of Michigan in 1856, and was graduated in 1858. That same year he was elected Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature, in Kalamazoo College. This gave him three years not only of successful teaching, but an excellent opportunity for studying literature, history, and law. In

1861, he resigned his professorship in Kalamazoo College and was elected Superintendent of Public Schools in the city of Tiffin, in the State of Ohio, where he remained one year. During that year he was admitted to the bar, and in the fall of 1862 took up his residence in the city of Cleveland. Opportunities for business, and especially in real estate transactions, were good, prices were rising, and instead of practicing law, he went into business, buying, selling and improving real estate. He was elected a member of the school board and for nine years was its president.

In 1872 he became interested in iron mines in Lake Superior and the manager of the Pittsburg & Lake Angeline mines. In 1875 he became interested in silver-lead mines in Utah, and in 1876 moved there with his family to take charge of his then extensive interests. He became identified at once with the educational interests of the territory, and was one of the founders of Salt Lake Academy, and for twelve years its president. The institution became influential in reforming the territory.

He was a delegate in behalf of the mining interests of the territory to several conventions held for the purpose of defending and developing the mining industry, and was the first chairman of the executive committee of the National Bimetallic League of the United States, organized in 1884. Under his direction the data was collected and published which created national interest in the free coinage of silver and gold.

When he went first to Utah, Brigham Young was alive and polygamy was rampant. Before he left he had the pleasure of seeing polygamy driven out, not only under legal condemnation, but outwardly abandoned as a tenet of the Mormon Church.

As an instance of his convictions, Senator John Sherman, Senator Benjamin F. Harrison and others, visited Utah, and while standing with them at Brigham Young's grave, Senator Harrison said: "Mr. Holden, what is the solution of the Utah problem?" He answered: "Give us a law that will disfranchise polygamists, prevent them from holding office, and sitting on juries." The Senator replied: "That is the best suggestion that I have ever heard. Come down to Washington next winter and we will put it into a law." He went there, and after consultation with Senator Harrison, Senator Edmonds and others, the Edmonds law was enacted which embodied the principles suggested by Mr. Holden, and became one of the main instruments in the overthrow of polygamy.

Mr. Holden was identified with the business interests of Cleveland and other parts of the country for many years. He was an excellent judge of mines, and his knowledge of geology and mineralogy gave him great advantage in operating them.

He had, however, great confidence in the city of Cleveland, and a large part of the earnings of his life-time have been invested in buildings and real estate in the city; among them is the Hollenden Hotel, well known for its size and the beauty of its finish and appointments.

While he was a busy man and a director of large affairs, he kept up his studies and stood abreast of the best thought of the age. He believed no man should seek office, but should serve the state when called, for the public good and not for money.

He was a lover of art and a patron of the arts. He had a large library and a very choice gallery of old masters. His residence, Loch Hame, situated on the shore of Lake Erie, in Bratenahl-Village, five miles east of

Cleveland, is one of the most delightful places in America. He was a lover of Greek art, and had in his home some of the best interior work in Greek designs. He was fond of travel and always brought home books and art treasures. He said that while schools, churches, books and the arts are means for education and culture, a man's home is the best exponent of his taste, character and life.

Most of his time in later years was given up to the Cleveland Plain Dealer, which grew under his ownership to be one of the largest, most liberal and influential papers in the United States. As a speaker and writer Mr. Holden was always forceful, decided and instructive. As a citizen he had the confidence of his fellow-men, and was always ready to help the needy and encourage the young, who tried to help themselves.

MEMORIAL SERVICE

A touching and beautiful service in memory of Mr. Holden was held at the Academy on Friday, Sept. 26, at the hour of the usual morning devotions.

After the scripture reading and the Lord's Prayer by the school Mr. William J. Upson gave a vocal solo accompanied by Miss Rice of Portland, then Mr. Wm. Bingham, 2nd, gave a violin solo with Mrs. Bolton at the piano. It seemed peculiarly fitting that these two young men from Mr. Holden's own city, and like him, generous friends of the school, should have joined in the service.

Prin. Hanscom, who had been honored by Mr. Holden's warm friendship and who has given him reverent love in return gave a deeply moving address. The scholars rising sang in conclusion, "The Lord My Shepherd Is."

Prin. Hanscom spoke as follows:

Perhaps I can preface the words I am about to speak in no better way

than by quoting from the scripture lesson just read. "The silver cord is loosed, the golden bowl is broken." Gould's Academy is called upon to mourn the loss of one of her best and truest friends. Hon. L. E. Holden, the patron alumnus of our beloved institution, has passed beyond the veil that separates the mortal from the immortal, time from eternity and man from God. It is entirely fitting that some suitable recognition of his passing should be made here in this school which he loved, and which loved him; but I have shrunk from it, realizing how inadequately anything I may be able to say would express the feelings that lie within my heart, too deep for words. It may well be said of him, as was said of one of old, "He has fought the good fight, he has finished his course, he has kept the faith." He died, crowned with years and rich in the honor and respect of his fellowmen, yet his loss is all the more keenly felt, not only by those who knew and loved him best, but by the great world in which he took so prominent and so active a part.

It was my great good fortune to spend an entire week in very close companionship with Mr. Holden one year ago, and I shall never forget the warmth of his hospitality, the geniality of his companionship, and the heart-warming assurances of his friendship. Gould's Academy has much to be thankful for in having had this big-souled, generous-hearted man among her alumni and friends, and her students have a rich inheritance in the example which he has left them of obstacles bravely surmounted, of battles nobly won, of life honorably lived. Born amid humble surroundings, life held for him exactly the same opportunities which it holds for each one of you. He came to this school as you come today, to lay the foundation for

his life-work. How well he builded in those forming days, his whole after life has furnished conclusive evidence; and when great success had crowned his undertakings, his heart turned with love and gratitude to the old school that gave him inspiration and direction in the days when his character was forming.

Mr. Holden had faith in Gould's Academy, he had faith in its teachers, he had faith in its students, and may we not today pledge ourselves anew to be true to the trust and confidence which he gave in such generous measure. He had large plans and high hopes for the future of Gould's Academy, and, had he lived, he would have taken an active part in bringing these plans to maturity. But, though the work which he began may be interrupted for a time, I have faith to believe that other generous friends of the institution will emulate his example, and that the good work which he so well began will finally be carried forward to completion.

Mr. Holden was one of the most devoutly reverent men I have ever known. He saw and acknowledged God's handiwork in everything about him, and he accepted and held in trust his great possessions, as coming from the Giver of All Good. He loved life here upon earth, but he possessed an abiding faith in a higher life beyond, where every noble faculty of the soul will go on and on in unending development.

I shall love always to remember Mr. Holden, as I saw him last, as he stood, with bared head, beneath the trees, himself as erect as the stately elm which he planted upon Gould's campus, waving a farewell to me and my little son, as the electric car bore us away from his beautiful farm home at Mentor, Ohio.

The intelligence of his death has brought to me a deep sense of personal

loss, and I have found myself again and again repeating the beautiful lines of a little poem by James Whitcomb Riley:

"I cannot say, and I will not say
That he is dead.—He is just away.

"With a cheery smile, and a wave of
the hand,
He has wandered into an unknown
land,

"And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there.

"And you—O you, who the wildest
yearn
For the old-time step and the glad re-
turn,—

"Think of him faring on, as dear
In the love of There as the love of
Here.

"Think of him still as the same, I say:
He is not dead—he is just away."

HON. ENOCH FOSTER.

Hon. Enoch Foster, for many years an active member of the Board of Trustees of Gould's Academy, died at his home in Portland, Saturday, Nov. 15, at the age of seventy-four years. We copy the following from the Portland Press of Nov. 17th.

Judge Foster was, as he once said, "A Maine man through and through." He was born in Newry, Oxford County, in 1839, and prepared for college at Gould's Academy at Bethel and at the Maine State Seminary at Lewiston, and entered Bowdoin college in 1860. Even then his purpose had become fixed to choose the law as his profession. He had taken a deep interest in politics from his boyhood. The days before

the great Civil war were well calculated to educate young men in patriotism and to make them lovers of freedom. Horace Greeley, as he himself said, and the New York Tribune, had a marked effect on his life and helped to shape his early career.

He served for three years in the army and the period was one of almost constant change. He was brought into contact with many men and became familiar with the details of military life. As long as his health permitted he attended the annual reunions of his regiment and all through his career he gave his best services as a lawyer to old soldiers, and as was the case with the late ex-Governor Henry B. Cleaves, frequently without compensation. He never regretted his three years in the army but constantly drew striking illustrations from scenes in the camp, and on the battle field.

The war closed. A great army of the soldiers suddenly became citizens again, laid aside the sword and gun forever and resumed the vocations of peace. The entire Nation felt the quickening effect and the reviving influence of the coming back of so many men to the farms, the industries and the professional life of many states. Enoch Foster returned to Maine and to Bowdoin college, and again took up his studies. He was glad to get back, and always a great student he studied many hours at a time and accomplished much. In some way he had managed not to entirely lay aside his books while at the front and he made up for the lost years very quickly. He was no longer a boy student but a trained soldier and he felt that the real work of his life was at least almost at his door.

He graduated from Bowdoin, and became a law student in the office of his relative, Hon. Reuben G. Foster, of Waterville, a lawyer of repute and well fitted to ground him in the science

of the law. He attended the Albany, New York law school, and after graduation, was in 1865 admitted to the bar at Albany, a little later to that of Maine at Augusta, and still later, but at no great distance of time, to practice before the courts of the United States. At last he had entered upon the real work of his life, but he remained a student as long as his active professional career lasted.

He opened an office at Bethel and with his wife who was before their marriage Miss Sarah W. Chapman, he made his home in that beautiful and thriving village and as long as he lived he spoke with affection of it.

He was destined to have a great career at the bar and the way was opened up to the entering into a large and constantly increasing practice by a series of minor early successes. His fame spread beyond the borders of his county and the then leaders of the bar of Maine found in the young Oxford County lawyer a foeman worthy of their best efforts.

He had a single term in the State Senate in 1874, and was able to say many years after that he took an active and honorable part in the session. He was a fairly frequent speaker and added to his reputation as a lawyer by his treatment of the legal questions raised during the session. Never an office seeker, he did not desire to return to the Senate, but gladly resumed the practice of the law.

March 24, 1884, he was appointed an associate justice of the Supreme Judicial court by Governor Frederick Robie, and in 1891, he was re-appointed by Governor Edwin C. Burleigh, and retired from the bench at the close of his second term. A leading lawyer said recently of that period of his career: "His charges were generally brief and clear. His opinions were well written, and lawyers still like to read them.

He was careful of his law and his decisions were seldom over-ruled and I do not recall at this time a single instance when his findings were reversed by the law court.

Feb. 15, 1899, he came to Portland and purchased the residence of T. F. Weston, 17 Deering Street, and made it his home until the close of his life. His first partnership was with Hon. Oscar H. Hersey, an able man and good lawyer, under the firm name of Foster & Hersey, and after the firm dissolved he formed his last law partnership with his son, Robert C. Foster as his associate, under the firm name of Foster & Foster.

He was a Progressive Republican, and favored the candidacy of Col. Roosevelt on and off the stump. He presided when the colonel spoke here, and he was one of the first to repudiate the re-nomination of President Taft, and in fact the entire proceedings of the first Chicago convention. He was a delegate to the second Chicago convention, and when the nomination of Col. Roosevelt was announced he caught a flag and carried it in the march of the delegates around the hall. He took an active part in the National campaign, and certainly hoped that Col. Roosevelt might be elected, and when that hope failed he was perhaps the first to insist that the duty of all Progressives was to unite in making possible a Progressive victory in 1916. After the meeting of the Legislature his name was suggested as a possible Progressive candidate for United States senator, but he did not feel that the verdict of the Republican voters at the primaries should be lightly set aside and ex-Governor Burleigh received the honor. Had his election not been possible then Judge Foster might have been an active candidate.

Judge Foster was a past commander of Brown Post, G. A. R., of Bethel, a

member of the 13th Maine Regimental Association, a Mason, a Knight Templar, an Odd Fellow, and a companion of the Loyal Legion of Maine. He is survived by Mrs. Foster, and their son, Robert C. Foster.

EDITH BURBANK MARSDEN.

Monday morning Sept. 22, Miss Edith Burbank Marsden passed away at the Central Maine General Hospital in Lewiston, the end coming as a severe shock to her many friends who hoped for a different result from her long, brave fight for health.

Miss Marsden was born July 10, 1895, in Boston, but early came to Bethel where for fifteen years her home has been with her grandmother, Mrs. E. M. Burbank. She attended the local public schools, and only last June received her diploma from Gould's Academy where she had made an exceptional record. During the four years of her course she did not miss a recitation. Her standing in scholarship was always high and in deportment unexcelled. Yet the good will of her teachers, natural in such circumstances, was fully equaled by the respect and affection of her schoolmates. At graduation she had the class history, and her excellent handling of the part won general approval.

Loving music always, she had become a skilled pianist for one of her years, and had besides a voice of considerable promise. On Sunday, June 13th, she was in the choir at the Methodist Church, where she had long been an attendant upon the services of the church and Sunday School. During the week following she suffered severe pain, and on Sunday was removed to the hospital for surgical treatment. The operation was serious, but it was hoped that her youth and previous good health would bring her off victor.

Yet in spite of the best of care and every help possible to give, after nine weeks of pain and confinement bravely and cheerfully borne, she rested from the struggle. Her devoted mother, herself a trained nurse and superintendent of a leading Philadelphia hospital, was with her through the closing weeks to add all that love could supply in aid of medical skill. She had been homesick for Bethel and its earthly home. She has gone to prove the older meaning of the word—Beth-El, the House of God—and the realities of the eternal home.

The sympathy of the whole community goes out to the mother, Mrs. Nora A. Marsden, the brother, Roland, and to Mrs. and Miss Burbank, the devoted grandmother and aunt with whom she has had her home for the years past.

MRS. MINNIE GODWIN STEARNS.

Mrs. Minnie Mayberry Godwin Stearns, wife of Adelmars Stearns, passed to the "Home beautiful" Friday, Oct. 10. During weeks and months of weariness and suffering she manifested a wonderful courage and trust. All that a devoted mother, husband, friends and physician could do could not stay the disease from which she had rallied twice before.

She graduated from Gould's Academy in 1901 and taught several terms of school and in 1906 married Adelmars Stearns.

Possessed of a sweet and lovable disposition she had a large circle of friends, and the same disposition combined with mother-love radiated sunshine in her home. Devoted to her husband and three little children, Alberta, Dorothy and Adelmars, and her mother with whom she lived, she made an ideal home. She never saw the faults of others but always the good, and by her courage and cheerfulness was an inspi-

ration to others less fortunately gifted. When the test came and she knew the struggle against disease would end in defeat, still she was unselfish and showed the same christian fortitude that had been hers in the years she had fought so bravely to win, and with the many earthly ties which bound her here she could say, "It is well."

Mrs. Stearns was the daughter of the late Albert Mayberry and Mae Anderson Mayberry and was thirty-one years of age. When her mother married the late Horatio Godwin she was taken into the home as an own daughter and sister of the Godwin children and loved and cared for with the devotion Mr. Godwin gave his own—and to him she gave an appreciative affection.

The deepest sympathy from a host of friends goes out to the husband and little children and to the mother, whose loving ministry has been unbounded.

LETTERS FROM ABSENT FRIENDS.

24 School Street, Hanover, N. H.
Dec. 1, 1913.

Dear Professor Hanscom:—

I am glad of the opportunity to give to Gould's undergraduates a few of my impressions of Dartmouth College.

The town of Hanover, in which the College is situated, lies on the banks of the Connecticut River, backed by beautiful wooded hills. A better location would be difficult to find.

The village proper and the college buildings stand on a hill. The streets of the village are lined with fine old shade trees. The large campus, surrounded by tall elm trees, lies close beside the main street. The dormitories and halls are situated farther back. In these dormitories, of which there are seventeen, rooms are found for the ma-

jority of Dartmouth's twelve hundred students. The halls are large and beautiful buildings of brick and stone. They afford recitation and lecture rooms of ample size. The members of the faculty and the college organizations have offices in these buildings.

College life at Dartmouth is full of interesting work. The system of studies is well arranged, and is planned to give each student opportunity for the best work. Athletics have their due share of attention, but scholarship is the first aim of the college. Dartmouth endeavors to develop all-round men,—men who will be leaders in their respective professions or lines of business.

The moral welfare of the students at Dartmouth is well provided for. Chapel exercises are held every week-day morning and on Sunday afternoon. The college church has a Student Membership Department, in which a student of any church denomination may be enrolled without severing his connection with his home church. The Dartmouth Christian Association stands for the best things in college life. It not only promotes the religious welfare of its members, but it also endeavors to bring the new men into social life of the right kind.

The freshman class is carefully cared for, as the baby of the Dartmouth family. A member of the faculty is appointed as class officer. He stands ready to personally advise or direct the class, and to become acquainted with each of its members. Each member of the freshman class is also assigned to some member of the faculty, to whom he may go for advice and guidance at any time.

Every college town offers many attractions which do not tend to intellectual or spiritual uplift. The fellow who sees them, and allows himself to be drawn away from his work is not

likely to make the best of his college life. College work is no trifling matter, and one needs to know in advance what real study means and to have sufficient stability of character to stick to it. I believe, from experience, that Gould's Academy will give him this knowledge and training, amid the best surroundings and under the best possible influence.

Very cordially yours,
Carroll E. Valentine, G. A., '13.

Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me.
Nov. 26, 1913.

Dear Editor of Herald:—

Each year, as old Gould's graduates a class, some of its members find their way into the colleges. It is my fortune to have come to Bowdoin, and being so well pleased with my choice, I wish to tell you a few facts about the college.

In the first place the college is splendidly located. The campus covers about forty acres, shaded by many beautiful maple and oak trees. The college buildings are twelve in number, grouped around the campus in the form of a quadrangle. The most noted of these buildings are the "Walker Art Building," "Hubbard Hall," the library of the college, containing 93,000 volumes, and the "Hyde Athletic Building," which is second to none in the country. Bowdoin lacks neither buildings, nor financial resources. Her endowment now amounts to nearly three million dollars; she spends more than \$15,000 in assisting deserving students.

The number of students at present is three hundred and fifty-eight, not including the medical students. It is the purpose of the directors of the college to keep the numbers small, that all the students may become acquainted with each other, personally know

their instructors, and receive the individual attention which is not possible in the larger colleges.

The students have divided themselves into nine groups for the purpose of fraternal fellowship. Eight of these are Greek letter fraternities, and the other, the "Bowdoin Club," includes all non-fraternity men.

One of the significant facts about the undergraduate life at Bowdoin is its absolute democracy. Here a fellow is judged for exactly what he is. A spirit of cordial good fellowship pervades the campus, and the watchword is "Unity." Every fellow has ample opportunity to make use of any talent, or talents, he may possess. Bowdoin has a foot-ball team, base-ball team, track team, Glee and Mandolin Clubs, Debating, Chemical, and Classical Clubs, also a college band. If one has literary ability, he may use it in helping to publish the "Orient," and the "Quill," weekly and monthly publications, issued in the interests of the college.

The Professors are all very competent instructors, and are absolutely just in their dealings with the fellows. They always give one exactly what he deserves, no more, no less. Bowdoin's standard of scholarship is high. The freshman courses are very difficult, and one needs to have had the best possible preparatory school training.

Here I wish to say a word in praise of Gould's as a preparatory school. At Gould's, as has often been proven, one may prepare for any college, and if, after four years there, he is not fitted to take up college work and carry it forward successfully, it is no fault of Gould's. Of that I am more than ever convinced.

Bowdoin not only develops a man mentally and physically, but also morally. The religious life at Bowdoin includes morning chapel, which is re-

quired, and a vesper service Sunday afternoon, besides the various Bible classes and a very active Y. M. C. A., of which you already know.

In short, I would say that Bowdoin is an ideal college, and I am sure any one of you would say the same if you were a student here.

With all best wishes for "old Gould's", I remain,

Very cordially yours,
Winfield E. Wight, Gould's, '13.

Bates College, Lewiston, Me.
Nov. 25, 1913.

Dear Professor Hanscom:—

I am very glad indeed to send you a few words from Bates College. More than four hundred and fifty students are enrolled at Bates this year, and the college has never been able to do more for its students than at the present time.

Our College Commons opened this fall, accommodating about two hundred boys. Here can be seen the spirit which is making Bates one of the most democratic colleges in America. There is absolute freedom from fraternities or any form of secret organization. Fifteen societies, clubs, and associations represent the social and literary life at Bates.

The Christian Associations are live branches of the college, and everyone who reads the daily news knows the standing of the institution along athletic lines; but her chief pride is in the scholarship of her student body.

I doubt if another college in the country finds that ninety-two per cent. of its students are regular patrons of the public library, or can report a larger number of desirable books read by an equal number of students.

The Bates Student, a weekly publication, represents the best literary effort of the student body. Bates offers

an exceptionally strong English course, and considerable attention is given to the study of argumentation. Bates has won twenty-seven victories in thirty-two debates with eastern colleges and universities.

The faculty is composed of thirty-two able professors, and each student has some member of the faculty as an adviser on moral and educational questions. Numerous lectures are given during the college year by some of the best speakers of the country, upon topics of vital interest.

I am pleased to say that my preparation for college at Gould's Academy places me on an equal footing with representatives of the best fitting schools in New England.

With all best wishes for the growth and prosperity of "old Gould's", I remain,

Yours very respectfully,
Irving R. Harriman, G. A., '11.

Williams College,
Williamstown, Mass., Nov. 20, 1913.

Dear Professor Hanscom:—

Williams College aims to give each student a fair and equal opportunity to get the best of training, a broad education. It is a college in which the individual gets his full share of consideration.

The curriculum is one of the very best. Every class is so divided into small groups that each man gets fair attention to his peculiar needs and merits.

Quality is the word rather than quantity. The standard of scholarship is very high. Only those who have had thorough preparation can be admitted. Thus it is evident that preparatory schools must be of good standing to have the approval of the Williams faculty. Here I think it proper to say that we graduates of Gould's Academy

are proud that our Alma Mater has, justly, this approval as well as that of many other leading colleges.

I think it cannot be disputed that Williams College is situated in as beautiful a spot as can be found. For where is there a more beautiful location than among the famous Berkshire Hills? One who has been among these Hills, who has seen their grand formation, their deeply colored foliage, and who has breathed their pure, invigorating air, must appreciate what an important factor they are in helping to form the character of the many men who live four years in their midst. A Williams man is a happy, fortunate man.

Yours faithfully,
Harold E. Rich, G. A., '12.

Dutton House, Colby College,
Waterville, Me., Nov. 15.

Dear Mr. Hanscom:—

When a girl goes away to college, her friends who remain behind are interested to know what her school-life is like, and if they can find something in it worth while for themselves. To some the good times may be of most interest, but we are glad to know that there is something more than just fun in going to college.

A girl who comes to Colby has every opportunity to develop intellectually, socially and morally; intellectually, because the lessons every day train her mind to receive and apply the knowledge she has gained; socially, because her association with girls from all walks of life and from every conceivable environment enables her, by comparison, to determine what to copy, as well as what to avoid in the habits of manner and speech of her associates; morally, because she is brought under the direct daily influence of men and women of lofty ideals and high moral character.

Some may think that because Colby is a small college it is inferior to the larger and better known institutions. This may be true in some minor points, but I feel safe in saying that Colby has as able and efficient instructors as any college, while the comparatively small number of students means more individual attention to each one. Nothing in college life is of more value than this.

And now a word for Gould's Academy, for it was the training received there that gave to many of us the inspiration to continue our education and make the most and best of the opportunities opening out before us.

I am always glad and proud to say that I come from Gould's Academy; first, because of my valued friends among the teachers and students there, and, secondly, because all lessons are thoroughly taught under most helpful influences and amid most inspiring surroundings. I realize more and more the value of my thorough and efficient preparation for college, received at Gould's. I hope the school will have more than one representative in Colby next year.

With very best wishes for a happy and successful year at Gould's, I remain,

Very cordially yours,
Eva M. Bean, G. A., '13.

GOULD'S BENEFACTORS.

GENERAL ENDOWMENT FUND.

Since 1912, about \$6,000.00 has been contributed toward a general endowment fund for Gould's Academy. This amount, together with the Rev. Daniel Gould Fund (\$1,000.00), and the Charles K. Fox Memorial Fund (\$5,000.00), brings the total endowment of

the school to about \$12,000.00. An earnest effort is being made to increase this fund, and it is hoped that the alumni and friends of the school wherever found will, without further solicitation, render such financial assistance as they feel able to give.

The names of all who contribute to this fund will be enrolled among Gould's benefactors, and will be given a permanent place in the annual catalogue, new names being added from year to year, as contributions are received.

We take the following from the last annual catalogue, just issued.

The names of those whose contributions amount to not less than \$50.00 are as follows:

William J. Bingham, 2nd,	\$2,500.00
William J. Upson,	1,000.00
Frank A. Schirmer,	500.00
A. C. Bartlett,	500.00
"A Friend,"	
through Mrs. J. G. Gehring,	500.00
Mary T. R. Foulke,	200.00
Mrs. Agnes H. Straw,	200.00
Dr. J. G. Gehring,	200.00
Hon. A. E. Herrick,	100.00
Mr. and Mrs. H. Hill,	100.00
Albert L. Burbank,	100.00
Van B. Grover,	50.00
Miss Gertrude Beard,	50.00

Those contributing smaller sums than fifty dollars are: Mary H. True, Isabel Butler, Class of 1912, Catherine Bryant, Natalie True, Margaret C. Herrick, Elinor True, James Rowland Hughes, Dudley Foulke Hughes, Arthur M. R. Hughes, Robert Morrison, Foulke Morrison, Rosemary Morrison, Janet Urie, King S. Pushard, Olive Wardwell, O'a Hutchins, Agnes Hutchins, Wendell O. Philbrook, Ada Everett, Helen Spencer, Effie Bernier, Alton F. Bartlett, Charles P. Bartlett, Marjorie C. Cushman, Harold E. Rich, Robert D. Hanscom, F. E. Hanscom, Jr., Dana H. Grant, Ralph Abbott, Eugene Van Den Kerckhoven, Louis Van Den Kerckhoven, Grace Van Den Kerckhoven.



SCHOOL NOTES.

School opened September 9th with the same teachers as last year, with the exception of Miss Freeman, whose place is taken by Miss Nellie Whitmore of Seal Harbor, Maine.

On the second Thursday evening of the term the Senior class gave a reception to the Freshmen. The gymnasium was decorated in the class colors—green and gold. Refreshments were served, the punch being strictly "non-galvanized." Mrs. A. E. Herrick, Mrs. Hanscom and Miss Pratt were patronesses. Games were played until ten o'clock, when good-nights were said. Everyone voted it the best Senior social ever given.

The following officers of the Undergraduate Association have been elected for the ensuing year:—

UNDERGRADUATE ASSOCIATION.

President,	Percy Farnham.
Vice-President,	James Hayford.
Secretary,	Marian T. Pratt.
Treasurer,	Winfield Howe.
Auditor,	Frank E. Hanscom.

BOARD OF CONTROL.

Frank E. Hanscom, Ex-officio.	
Percy Farnham,	Marian T. Pratt,
Harold Chandler,	Eva Bartlett,
Leroy Hamlin,	Margaret C. Herrick,
John H. Moore,	Winfield Howe,
Frank Bean,	James Hayford,
Lee Abbott.	

The several classes have elected the following officers:—

Seniors.

President,	Harold Chandler.
Vice-President,	Edward Brown.
Secretary-Treasurer,	Marian Mansfield.

Juniors.

President,	Frank Bean.
Vice-President,	Harrie Brown.
Secretary,	Eda Douglass.
Treasurer,	Evangeline Atherton.

Sophomores.

President,	James Hayford.
Vice-President,	Harold Chapman.
Secretary-Treasurer,	Florence Chapman.

Freshmen.

President,	Harris G. Hamlin.
Vice-President,	Laurant C. Pingree.
Secretary-Treasurer,	Muriel Park.

The State inspector of schools, Mr. Taylor, was in school November 20, and expressed great satisfaction with the work of the teachers and scholars.

Leroy Hamlin, who was absent during the spring term, has returned to school and has joined the Senior class.

One delightful October afternoon we were dismissed at half past two and bidden to take a school walk. Of course we were all delighted. A committee was chosen to decide our destination, and Sanborn Hill was fixed upon. Practically all the school set out in a body, but returned in pairs or small groups. Several amused themselves by walking the rails of the railroad track.

The Junior class gave a social on Thursday evening, October 16. Although not very largely attended, this social was a great success, as far as a good time was concerned. It also succeeded financially, the Junior class becoming the proud possessors of a

considerable amount of money received from admission fees and the sale of home made candy.

THE CLASS OF FOURTEEN.

Dear class of fourteen, soon our course here is ended,
And we must go forth life's lessons to learn;

Though longing to grasp all the future may promise,
We sigh for the days that can never return.

Here's to our class-mates and loving companions,
Happy we've been here at study and play;
Oft in the days that are lying before us,
Will memory turn to those days at G. A.

Good bye to G. A. our dear Alma Mater,
Each year may she greet many new girls and boys;

Here may they learn many lessons of wisdom,
And share as we have in her sorrows and joys.

Here's to our teachers, long suffering mortals,
Whose patience we've tried in the days that have been;

They may think us lacking in wisdom and talent,
But yet shall be proud of the class of fourteen.

HOLDEN HALL NOTES.

The boys are decidedly in the minority this year, and, realizing it, keep modestly in the background. Only after seven p. m. do they appear, asking for aid on Commercial Arithmetic.

Until the ground froze the tennis court was in use every minute outside of school hours. Some devotees of the sport began at six a. m., and the Alumnae played while the Academy was in session.

The girls this fall have made and put up scrim curtains in the reception room. While they were sewing Miss Whitmore read aloud from "Pollyanna."

In October Mr. Kiernan, who gave an entertainment under the auspices of the Library Association, spent the night at Holden Hall and his conversation was much enjoyed by the students. He visited some classes at the Academy and professed himself much pleased with his visit.

The girls have a new boarder on their side of the house in the shape of a monstrous Teddy Bear, which returned with his mistress from the Norway Fair. He would be a fine mascot for a basket ball team if— — — —

October evenings Holden Hall students and faculty were busy rehearsing, and making black cambric costumes for Hallowe'en. Before study hours the music (?) of the Goblin Band pervaded the house. After the thirtieth quiet reigned once again.

Since Hallowe'en the front of the house has been decorated, thanks to Leroy Hamlin, with evergreen trees, which make us feel so snug and cozy now that the winter winds are blowing.

James Hayford and Albert Pingree were at the Hall the first of the term, and Pingree returned for the last two weeks. James is a frequent visitor.

Mabel Bean, Ethel Cole, Mabel and Bertha Bailey were one week late in arriving this fall.

On the force at Holden Hall this year are: Mrs. Pierce, matron; Mrs. Leach, work; Gladys Davis, waitress; Leroy Hamlin, janitor.

Two nights after school saw groups of busy girls making comfort bags for the sailors. Twelve were made the first time, and three more added at the second meeting.

The "mighty hunter" of the house is Laurant Pingree, a Freshman. At any rate he is the only one who has succeeded in getting a deer.

Marie Swan, '11, was the guest of Gladys Davis, Nov. 7 and 8.

Mrs. Pratt of Reading, Mass., was the guest of her daughter the first week of the term.

Judge Herriek and family took their dinners at the Hall for a few days in November.

Every one of the students went home for the Thanksgiving recess, and Miss Whitmore was also away. Miss Pratt, Mrs. Pierce and Mr. Moore enjoyed a most peaceful holiday. Thanksgiving dinner was served at the Hall on Thursday at noon. In the evening the faculty were the guests of Mrs. Gehring for dinner and the "frolic," both of which were much enjoyed.

Miss Jessie Davis, '16, was obliged to leave Nov. 23, on account of ill health.

The chief excitement of the term was the murder of four little mice by the sub-master, who rudely routed them from their soft bed beneath the piano keys and impaled them on a kitchen fork. Some members of the mouse family still remain with us, and make nightly visits to the girls' rooms, where two of them recently perished in a candy bag.

THE HONORED BIRTHDAY.

Exercises In Memory of Morris Pratt.

On Wednesday, Dec. 3, at the close of the afternoon session a reverent group gathered at the Academy to pay tribute to a memory greatly beloved among us.

Opened by a violin solo by Mr. William Bingham 2nd, accompanied by Mrs. Gehring, followed by Mr. William J. Upson in a trio of songs, accompanied by Miss Miriam Herrick.

Before the hushed and responsive audience Mrs. Gehring in her always perfect manner gave the address which, at the urgent request of those who listened, is given below.

Mr. Hanscom announced a change in the manner of awarding the gift in memory of Morris Pratt, which hereafter will be in the form of two one hundred dollar yearly scholarships; also a scholarship of fifty dollars from a donor who wishes to remain unknown.

At the close students and guests rose in the gathering twilight and sang "The Lord Is My Shepherd."

THE THINGS THAT ENDURE.

A few years ago I stood on another continent and looked down from a height upon the ruins of the greatest temple in Egypt—the famous temple of Karnak.

Many acres were covered with fallen roofs, prostrate columns, and heaped up walls, while a few great columns, still standing, made aisles of such grandeur as to overwhelm one with suggestions as to its original magnificence!

The tall pillars, covered from base

to summit with hieroglyphics told the story of the triumphs and power of monarchs whose ambitions were to be thus immortalized in stone.

One hall of this immense structure would hold the great Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris, and its columns were larger than the famous Trajan column in Rome, or the one in the Place Vendome in Paris—whose picture you have no doubt seen.

Now, there is only a vast plain of ruins heaped upon one another, where 4,500 years ago the greatest earthly powers crystalized, as it were, their ambitions and longings for the reverence of posterity.

Do you remember where in the New Testament we have a passing glimpse of Jesus and his disciples as they walked through the beautiful great temple at Jerusalem, and the disciples seemed to have paused to wonder at, and admire the stately building?

Do you recall that Christ said that not one stone should remain upon another? In less than 50 years these words were fulfilled and the glory of the Jews lay in ruin under the triumphing Roman eagles and the Jewish nation—as a nation—was no more. It had not endured.

While in Egypt I also visited the tomb of Queen Hatasu—which lies just across the Nile from Karnak. In the midst of Karnak's indescribable ruin there still stands one of the finest obelisks in the world, that of Queen Hatasu, which looks, in its loneliness, like a mourning figure brooding over the desolation below.

The Egyptian "Tombs of the Kings" were beautifully decorated, and were so skilfully hidden in ranges of rock-ribbed mountains, only that they have been discovered within a few years. The Egyptians believed in a strange, material immortality, feeling that they were to re-inhabit their bodies. They,

therefore, had their bodies embalmed, and laid in beautiful rooms excavated from solid rock and hidden for many, many years.

Queen Hatasu's has only been lately discovered, and was most interesting to me because her tomb, alone, bore the marks of woman's love of beauty. On the walls, vines, trees, and flowers were painted, and a picture of the sacred cow, whom she worshipped, had a face of almost human tenderness. Queen Hatasu longed to be remembered, as she was in this life, so her picture was painted on the wall of her tomb, very elegantly robed and seated in a litter borne by eight slaves!

I never saw but one other tomb, however magnificently decorated, as some certainly were, that gave me any sense of kinship with these far-away people, and that was the tomb of a little prince,—a smaller room than the others, which had a blue ceiling, studded with shining golden stars. A mother's heart surely devised that decoration.

But our Queen Hatasu was not always womanly—and to her shame we learned her faults of thousands of years ago. There was once another obelisk standing in equal dignity beside hers in the temple of Karnak. It was erected in honor of her husband! Our Egyptian queen was evidently an unloving wife, for she ordered her husband's obelisk demolished, and the face of his picture in her burial-room was erased! She is remembered as Hatasu—the haughty queen!

Standing by the door-way of this tomb I looked across the strip of vividly green grass which borders the banks of the Nile, and saw in the once famous city of Luxor a fine, stone building of modern construction, looking wonderfully hopeful and inspiring amidst all the perished grandeurs.

It was a school for Mohammedan

girls. A golden-haired, lovely little Chicago woman had come across two seas, and by a consecrated enthusiasm had caused to be built a comfortable, commodious Christian home, where 300 Mohammedan girls, from 6 to 20 years of age, could have their eyes opened to the light that lighteth the world, and learn the better way of living.

From mud huts and all the degradation incident to the life of Oriental women, who are believed to have no souls, this daughter of God had rescued them and provided plain but clean clothing, wholesome food, little white-canopied beds, for bodies that had known no bed but the earth, and they were being taught simple, household tasks, all kinds of finger-craft, elementary studies, and trained to go out into the life they had left, as teachers. The religion of Jesus Christ was lived before them every hour. They were in a loving atmosphere—and the expressions on their faces, as the little lady passed among them, was something to remember.

I remember one group of little girls about 8 years of age who were standing in a semi-circle around a gentle teacher, and were making perfect button-holes! They sew and embroider wonderfully well, and always receive a lesson while standing. The whole spirit of that beautiful home-life showed the principles of Christianity put into daily practice.

No theology could be taught them, for although according to the men of their country they had no souls, and no provision is made for worship for a Mohammedan woman,—still to teach Christianity as a form of religion would not be tolerated. But what is going forth from that school of Christ is "leaven,"—is Truth, and will endure.

Queen Hatasu the Egyptian Queen, and the Christian woman of America

were placed in sharp contrast. As I stood that hour amid the ruins of earthly pomp I recognized what was being worked out in that grey stone building across the river, and again the words of the Master came to me, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away."

To-day we meet for the third time to specially remember the birthday of a beautiful young life which we lovingly hold as a living influence among us,—an enduring influence.

In school-life there are many things which seem dominant in the present, but which in time pass away, or assume other forms.

Tests of athletic skill, with all their benefits; merry-makings with their just places in your lives; honest efforts for the good of the school—all are valuable,—all have something to do in forming the web which is being woven by every student in Gould's Academy. And there is a great opportunity placed in every weaver's power. A thread of gold can be interwoven that no fire can consume,—no elements corrode. There is an enduring strand possible to every one of you as in your daily school-life you create this fabric we call character, and which alone goes on and on into what we call, Eternity.

The words of Christ, taken as a living influence, is the golden strand, and first coloring your thoughts, then expressing your thoughts in deeds will make your life in Gould's Academy something that will endure! Nothing else lasts!

Here to-day, we see so beautifully expressed what this living force has worked out in the hearts of the givers of this generous birthday gift. The donors do not even have the inspiration of personally knowing those upon whom their generosity falls, but have bestowed in the spirit of Christ what, if received in His spirit, is an endur-

ing good—going on to carry its helpfulness far beyond our limited vision.

To have this birthday recognized, is a privilege—a beautiful, uplifting influence. To have the name of Morris Pratt symbolize unselfish generosity and the bearing of a great grief "as unto Him" is a constant gift to every pupil in this school.

And to those who more directly benefit by the memorial remembrance I am sure that they will bear in their hearts a constant sense of fine responsibility, and those who have the honor of receiving a Morris Pratt Scholarship shall in character and bearing dignify their position.

That name must always be an inspiration for all that is pure, honorable, and aspiring to every pupil in Gould's Academy. In this way, only, can we show our gratitude, and only through these principles put into action can the life lived in this school rest upon the things that endure.

A CHRISTMAS SERMON.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

We require higher tasks, because we do not recognize the height of those we have. Trying to be kind and honest seems an affair too simple and too inconsequential for gentlemen of our heroic mould; we had rather set ourselves to something bold, arduous, and conclusive; we had rather found a schism or suppress a heresy, cut off a hand or mortify an appetite.

There is an idea abroad among moral people that they should make their neighbors good. One person I have to make good; myself. But my duty to my neighbor is much more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make

him happy—if I may.

Here lies one who meant well, tried a little, failed much:—surely that may be his epitaph, of which he need not be ashamed.

In his own life, then, a man is not to expect happiness, only to profit by it gladly when it shall arise; he is on duty here; he knows not how or why, and does not need to know; he knows not for what hire, and must not ask. Somehow or other, though he does not know what goodness is, he must try to be good; somehow or other, though he cannot tell what will do it, he must try to give happiness to others.

To scramble through this random business with hands reasonably clean, to have played the part of a man or woman with some reasonable fullness, to have often resisted the diabolic, and at the end to be still resisting it, is for the poor human soldier to have done right well. To ask to see some fruit of our endeavor is but a transcendental way of serving for reward; and what we take to be contempt of self is only greed of hire.

A man may have a flaw, a weakness, that unfits him for the duties of life, that spoils his temper, that threatens his integrity, or that betrays him into cruelty. It has to be conquered; but it must never be suffered to engross his thoughts. The true duties lie all upon the farther side, and must be attended to with a whole mind so soon as this preliminary clearing of the decks has been effected. In order that he may be kind and honest, it may be needful he should become a total abstainer; let him become so then, and the next day let him forget the circumstance. Trying to be kind and honest will require all his thoughts; a mortified appetite is never a wise companion; in so far as he has to mortify an appetite, he will still be the worse man.

To look back upon the past year,

and see how little we have striven and to what small purpose; and how often we have been cowardly and hung back, or temerarious and rushed unwisely in; and how every day and all day long we have transgressed the laws of kindness;—it may seem a paradox, but in the bitterness of these discoveries, a certain consolation resides. Life is not designed to minister to a man's vanity.

A CHRISTMAS PETITION.

- O Christmas Spirit, bring to me
That opportunity I lost,
Out yonder where the ways divide
And good and evil paths are crossed.
Bring me the faith of early days—
The future in the sunlight kissed—
Bring back the hope that came to me,
The thing I nearly reached—and missed.
- O Christmas Spirit, bring to me,
An angel face, a saintly smile,
A kindly force for better things,
Which I have known and lost awhile.
Bring back upon this day of gifts
The spirit of the one who cared—
Who walked beside me at the start,
When manhood dreamed, and, dreaming,
dared.
- O Christmas Spirit, bring to me
From where the far-off shadows play,
Those others whom my life has known,
Who wearied on the upward way,
Bring back the uplift of old days—
Forget the weakness and the doubt,
And what there was of sorrow there,
O Christmas Spirit, leave that out.
- O Christmas Spirit, bring to me
A larger love for what is good,
A better faith in God and men,
A saving grace in brotherhood;
And from the islands and the seas,
And yonder where the planets shift,
Bring hope and faith and love and truth.
To be a world-wide Christmas gift.
- Victor J. Free.



QUOTATIONS APPLIED

"A life of sorrow and privation, a hard life, indeed, do these poor editors have of it."
Editorial Board.

"It was only a glad 'good morning,'
As she passed along the way;
But it spread the morning's glory
Over the live long day."
Miss Whitmore.

"He is a jolly good fellow,
Which nobody can deny."
Charles Small.

"There's a good time coming."
Examination Day.

"Men are not measured by inches."
Homer Bartlett.

"Man delighteth not me."
Marion Frost.

"For forms of government let fools contest,
Whate'er is best administered is best."
Civics Class.

"Perhaps he'll grow."
Gard Goddard.

"Such a light and airy tread."
Laurant Pingree.

"A schoolboy with his satchel in his hand."
George Mundt.

"A trim little maid."
Margaret E. Herriek.

"Sighed, and looked unutterable things."
Philip Wight.

"A noble type of good
Heroic womanhood."
Miss Pratt.

"She'll wish there was more, an' that's
the great art o' letter-writin'."
Harold Chandler.

"A handful of common sense is worth a
bushel of learning."
Ward Rounds.

"The blushing beauties of a modest maid."
Nina Briggs.

"And the barber kept on shaving."
Lee Abbott.

"To know how to be silent is more dif-
ficult and more profitable than to know how
to speak."
Junior English Class.

"'Twas doing nothing was his curse,
Is there a vice can plague us worse?"
Archie Buck.

"I would not part with my looking-glass
for worlds."
Eda Douglass.

"Change my mind nine hundred and six-
ty-two times in one year."
Winfield Howe.

"It's wiser being good than bad."
Effie Bernier.

"One of those heavenly days that cannot
die."
Declamation Day.

"I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin."
Alton Bartlett.

"I keep a conscience clear."
Muriel Park.

"The rankest compound of villainous smell
that ever offended nostrils."
G. A. Laboratory.

- "Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."
Ruth Elliott.
- "Men of few words are the best men."
Leroy Hamlin.
- "Be firm! one constant element in luck
Is genuine, solid, old Teutonic pluck."
Leo Cole.
- "She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight."
Frank Bean.
- "With grave aspect."
Elwin Wilson.
- "A most famous man."
Lawrence Kimball.
- "Always laugh when you can, it is cheap
medicine."
Vera Holt.
- "Dost thou love life, then do not squander
time, for that is the stuff life is made of."
Fred King.
- "I know a maiden fair to see."
Violet Morrill.
- "I am as free as nature first made man."
Robert Farwell.
- "A kinder gentleman treads not the
earth."
Mr. Hanscom.
- "My life is one dem'd horrid grind."
Edward Brown.
- "She's as modest as any, and blithe as
she's bonnie."
Alice Gunther.
- "United we stand, divided we fall."
Mary and Nellie Harrington.
- "I loaf and invite my soul."
Charles Bartlett.
- "A tripping, fair, light-hearted girl."
Blanche Herrick.
- "A kind heart and a true heart."
Evangeline Atherton.
- "Work—work—work!
My labor never flags."
Helen Baker.
- "It is so very, very late
That we may call it early by and by."
Paul Head.
- "A free and open nature."
Gladys Davis.
- "Rare compound of oddity, frolic, and
fun."
Mabel Bean.
- "Blessed is the man who has the gift of
making friends."
Mr. Moore.
- "A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident tomorrows."
James Hayford.
- "Her eyes are sapphires set in snow."
Mildred Bosserman.
- "I know her passing wise."
Eva Bartlett.
- "I am not in the roll of common men."
Percy Farnham.
- "Woman is a miracle of divine contra-
dictions."
Mabel Bailey.
- "His chief pleasure was derived from the
endearing elegance of female friendship."
Howard Tyler.
- "The very pink of courtesy."
Harris Hamlin.
- "Her temper was generous, open, sincere."
Ernestine Philbrook.
- "Enjoy the present, whatsoever it be, and
be not solicitous about the future."
Anson Kendall.
- "'Tis well to think well, it is divine to
act well."
Hazel Arno.

"Good actions crown themselves with lasting lays;
Who well deserves, needs not another's praise."

Harold Chapman.

"Folks took each for 'tother.

It puzzled all our kith and kin,
It reached an awful pitch;

For one of us was born a twin,
And not a soul knew which."

Ray and Roy Cummings.

"I speak as my understanding instructs me and as my honesty puts it to utterance."

Harrie Brown.

"A pleasant smile is the pleasantest thing on earth."

Miss Herrick.

"A kind of a little Johnny, you know."

John Harrington.

ALUMNI NOTES.

1899.

Sarah B. Chapman, trained nurse, Portland, Me.

Geo. H. French, travelling agent Sagadahoc Fertilizer, residence, Mechanic Falls, Maine.

Mabel V. Shaw, assistant High School, N. H.

Ruby M. Smith, grade teacher, Gorham, N. H.

Leon V. Walker, lawyer, member school board, Portland, Maine.

1900.

Barbara A. Carter, recently married to Edward P. Lyon, resides in Bethel.

Daisy E. Dixon, at present visiting in Bethel.

Wm. H. Holmes, reelected Supt. of School, Yarmouth-Freeport District.

Maud L. Thurston, librarian, Bethel Public Library.

1901.

Edwin L. Harvey, reporter, New York Times.

Arthur Richardson, hotel clerk, Pinehurst, N. C.

Walter W. Holmes, merchant, Lincoln, Me.

1902.

Angie M. Abbott, married Oct. 15, to James A. Mann of Rumford, Me.

Jerome C. Holmes, missionary to Japan. Mr. Holmes visited Bethel in July and preached in the Congregational pulpit.

Carrie M. Wight, a graduate of Gorham Normal School, after teaching two years in the Model School at the Machias State Normal School, has been elected Supt. of the model and practice work at that institution.

1903.

Perry A. Bean, recently married to Jennie O. Brown of Orono, is in the employ of the Western Pacific R. R., as Supt. of bridge construction.

Frank J. Weed, teacher of instrumental music, Alfred, N. Y.

1904.

Edith R. Hastings, teacher of elocution and physical culture, Superior, Wis.

Harry W. Purington, treasurer Manchester Trust Co., Manchester, Mass.

Gwendolyn I. Stearns, Prin. Bethel Grammar School.

1905.

Maud E. Goud, married to Mr. Mark Rix, resides in Shelburne, N. H.

Minnie M. Eagle, graduate nurse, Portland, Maine.

Paul C. Thurston, manufacturer of dowels, Roxbury and Bethel, Maine.

1906.

Marion C. Dyer has completed a course at Farmington Normal School and is now a successful teacher in the graded schools of Sanford, Me.

N. Shirley Russell, Professor at Adelphi College.

Harold J. Young, head of boys' department, Jordan, Marsh Co., Boston.

1907.

Bessie A. Goud, now Mrs. Ernest Stiles, resides in Milan, N. H.

Fitzmaurice Vail, since graduating from Shaw's Business College, has been employed in the office of Hiram Ricker and Sons, Portland, Me. He was recently made head bookkeeper.

1908.

Forrest A. Keene, married to Alice Wight, resides at Mechanic Falls, Me.

Thomas DeCosta, Bliss Business College, '10, now teacher of penmanship in Houlton High School, Houlton, Me.

Florence Eaton, graduate from Curry School of Expression, Boston, 1911, taught elocution and literature at Kent's Hill, married Mr. Carl Green, resides at Waterville.

Gertrude Cobb, teaching in Biddeford, Me.

Lillian Buck is spending the winter with Mrs. H. C. Rowe in Bethel.

George King, married to Miss Linda Chase, a former teacher at Gould's.

1908.

Mildred Hapgood, recently married to Harry Lyon of Auburn, Me.

Mildred Dyer, student at Farmington Normal School.

1909.

Natalie Barker, recently married, resides in British Columbia.

Fred Hall, married Dec. 31 to Miss Gladys Buck, will reside on Broad Street, Bethel.

Susan King is spending the winter in Boston.

1910.

Retta Shaw, Bryant & Stratton Business College, Manchester, N. H.

Mildred A. Brown, teaching the fifth and sixth grades in the Bethel Grammar School.

Claud Goddard will resume his studies at Bowdoin Medical School next year.

George E. Smith, Sophomore at U. of M.

1911.

Harry J. Rand, telegraph operator at MacAdam Junction, Maine.

Helen Spencer, teaching at West Paris.

Mary Stanley, at Farmington Normal School.

Blanche Richardson, at Gorham Normal School.

Edna Bartlett, after teaching a year has resumed her studies at Farmington Normal School.

Irving Harriman, Sophomore at Bates College.

Oscar Judkins, Sophomore at U. of M.

Alta W. Smith is attending Farmington Normal School.

Mae Cross will spend the winter in Boston.

Parker Russell, working in an office in Portland.

Alice M. Smith, recently married to Arnol Browne.

Ivan Arno is spending the winter in Pinehurst, North Carolina.

Mildred Chapman, teaching at Milton, Me.

Lula Cummings, teaching at West Bethel Flat.

1912.

Gladys Bartlett, teaching at Milan, N. H.

Lawrence Philbrook, Sophomore at U. of M.

Florence Springer, at Farmington Normal School.

Annie Newcomb, at Gorham Normal School.

Harold Rich, at Williams College.

Ruth Mason, married to Carl Brown, '11.

Guy Kendall, working in a clothing store, Gorham, N. H.

Mona Martyn, employed in telephone office, Bethel, Maine.

1913.

Adelmar R. Brown, Bryant & Stratton Business College, Manchester, N. H.

Alta Cummings, teaching in Albany.

Mildred Eagle, teaching at Northwest Bethel.

Ella Garey, married to Eli Grover, resides in Mason.

Alice Swan, clerk in Bethel Post Office.

Carroll Valentine, Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H.

Winfield Wight, Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me.

Eva Bean, Colby College, Waterville, Me.

Viola Bartlett, teaching at East Bethel.

Norman Hamlin, Bates College, Lewiston, Me.

Ralph Abbott, clerk in grocery store at Mechanic Falls, Me.

Urban Bartlett, farming at East Bethel.

Joseph Deegan, clerking in drug store at Berlin, N. H.

Ruth Farrington, teaching on Rowe Hill.

Alice Kimball, teaching at South Paris.

Carrie King, clerk in Edward King's store.

Clyde Lapham, working at Mt. Madison House, Gorham, N. H.

Gladys Russell, at home in Hanover, Me.

Sylvia Swan, teaching at West Paris.

Edward Tenney, employed in Auburn, Maine.

Ralph Young, employed at Bethel Inn.

Arthur Cummings, at home in Greenwood.

Edith Kimball, teaching at West Paris.

HALLOWE'EN SOCIAL.

Thursday evening, Oct. 30, Holden Hall gave the annual Hallowe'en party in G. A. gymnasium. The place was lavishly decorated with jack-o'-lanterns, evergreen, fir trees, black cats, witches, and bats. The Holden Hall girls were gowned as witches, the boys as goblins, all in black with complexions that outshone those seen on Broadway or in "gay Paree." Madame Domino was there and the Indian maiden, the Princess, the cowboy, and the cowboy girl, Night, a nurse, a Dutch maiden with real wooden shoes, a ballet dancer, a donkey, the old white-haired professor, and the two clowns. There were some very pretty and fanciful crepe paper costumes. These gayly attired personages took seats in the center of the floor to listen to a short entertainment, the "strongest" feature of which was the music of the Callithumpian Band, Frank Bean, leader. This new orchestra gave the first number on the program, and was followed by Homer Bartlett, '17, who recited Eugene Field's "Seein' Things." Then came the Witches' Dance by nine girls. They came riding in on the brooms and entertained us with meows and caterwauls besides mystic gyrations.

Professor Hanscom read Holmes' "Broomstick Train," in his usual felicitous fashion. Next six boys gave the Goblin Parade, an exhibition of wonderful contortions both facial and bodily. After another selection by the band ten boys and girls marched to form the word "Hallowe'en". Hazel Arno kindly served as accompanist for the whole entertainment.

For the following half hour "stunts" were indulged in. Across one corner of the gym were strung doughnuts in each of which was concealed a paper bearing the description of some maiden. The boys secured their partners for the first march by bobbing for the doughnuts. It took them just about one second after the announcement was made as to the contents of the doughnuts to reach the corner of the gym and learn their fate. Many a bewildered youth sought wildly for the girl "whose hair and eyes match" or her of "the pointed chin."

On the other side of the gym were hung marshmallows for the girls. Two yard-long threads were attached to each marshmallow, and she who ate her thread quickest got the candy.

Upon the stairs was the "Witches' Tower," where fates were told by sailing walnut shells with lighted tapers. Behind the stage was the "Wild Beast Show," where many a knight and lady fair—even the minister's wife—was surprised at the "monkey" in the looking glass. At least, that is what was reported. Behind the fir trees sat Madame Domino who conversed with the spirits and by their aid revealed the mysteries of the future. This seemed the greatest attraction of all, for her marvelous prophecies held her hearers spellbound.

There was also a pumpkin alphabet where three stabs with the hatpin gave the initials of your future partner in life.

Apples reposed in various places for the benefit of the hungry.

After nine o'clock the usual games were indulged in. More zest was given to them, however, by the assistance of certain members of the band.

Just before the good night march the guests were told that somewhere in the room was hidden a fortune for each one. And such a scramble as there was to find them! 'Tis said some must be there yet, so craftily were they hidden. After the hunt goodbyes were said, and the young people departed, voting it the best Hallowe'en yet.

Y. M. C. A.

Although many of our last year's members, including many of our ablest leaders, are not with us this year, yet our Y. M. C. A. during the present term has been both interesting and helpful.

At present eighteen active, and four associate members are enrolled, while others attend the meetings more or less regularly.

The following new officers were installed at the beginning of the year and have efficiently performed their duties:

President,	Howard Tyler.
Vice-President,	Ward B. Rounds.
Recording Secretary,	Harold Chandler.
Corresponding Secretary,	Leo Cole.
Treasurer,	Winfield Howe.
Faculty Adviser,	Frank E. Hanseom.

During the term eleven meetings have been held. Among those who have led the meetings are Tyler, Cole, Bean, Howe, Rounds, Farnham, Hanscom. Rev. T. C. Chapman conducted one of the meetings, which was made

very helpful and inspiring to all present.

To stimulate interest on the part of non-active members, one debate was held. The following question was discussed: Resolved, that written examinations should be abolished. Mr. Farnham led the debate for the affirmative; Mr. Cole, for the negative. Nearly everyone present took an active part in the discussion. The question was decided in favor of the negative, hence written examinations will continue to be given in Gould's Academy.

The plan for the winter term is to alternate with our usual religious meetings debates on some of the vital questions of the day.

Y. W. C. A.

By the election of last spring the following officers serve for the year 1913-1914:

President,	Margaret C. Herriek.
Vice-President,	Marian A. Mansfield.
Secretary,	Gladys Davis.
Treasurer,	Mabel M. Bean.
Faculty Adviser,	Marian T. Pratt.

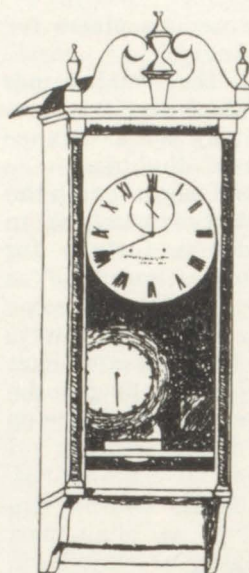
The very first Wednesday that the Academy was in session the Y. W. C. A. held its opening meeting, to which all new students were invited. The members of the class of 1913 were very much missed, as they had borne the burden of the meetings and committee work, and, for a time, the new leaders felt overwhelmed by their responsibilities. Meetings were regularly held on Wednesdays, leaders, topics, and pianists being provided by the Religious Meetings Committee.

Under the leadership of the Missionary Committee, postcards were collect-

ed and sent to the Indian mission school. Later the girls started to make comfort bags for the Seamen's Friend Society in Boston. These are not yet finished on account of lack of funds. Six new members have been added to the former list.

The most important event of the term was the visit of the two young ladies from Colby College, Miss Sanderson, '14, President of the Colby Y. W. C. A., and Miss Hanson, '15, on Nov. 19. A large number of girls met them at the station, and escorted them to Holden Hall, where the faculty members of the association served tea. In spite of a pouring rain about forty attended the evening meeting in the Academy assembly room. The meeting opened with the singing of several hymns, followed by brief prayers. President Margaret C. Herrick, then introduced Miss Sanderson, who interested and impressed us by her account of a recent visit to the Occupational Conference at Simmons College, Boston, and urged us to more prayerful efforts in association work. After music—violin and piano—by Margaret E. and Blanche Herrick, Miss Hanson told of a trip to Silver Bay, and gave us practical suggestions for Christian Association work. This was followed by an informal discussion on methods. Miss Hanson brought with her some photographs of Silver Bay, in which the girls were much interested. After taking a collection to defray the expenses of the occasion, the meeting closed with a hymn and the Mizpah benediction. The next morning the Academy girls went to the station to bid farwell to their guests. The inspiration gained from this visit was much in evidence at the next regular meeting, and we hope will remain with us throughout the year.

M. T. P.



*Under
The
School
Clock*

Isch-ga-bibble!

* * * *

I don't know.

* * * *

"There are no flies on us!"

* * * *

"The men stand by with their ears raised."

* * * *

Miss W. — "Describe Afrasiab's guard."

Mr. H-d—"Long helms and black sheepskin spears."

* * * *

Some of the boys of G. A. have adopted a new occupation, barbering. For recommendation, apply to A. P.

* * * *

Mr. Small in Virgil.—"His mother had imparted to him purple eyes and mouth."

* * * *

Some one always seems to be blocking the road when Bennett goes by the school in his automobile.

Mr. Moore in Chemistry.—“Miss Bean and Mr. Bartlett, if you wish to hold hands—”

* * * *

Miss Pratt in Senior French.—“En combien de temps vous coiffez-vous, Mademoiselle Herrick?”

Miss M. E. H.—“Er—je me coiffe en sept heures.”

* * * *

Mr. Goddard in French II.—“Mon ami - - -mon enfant! embrassez-moi!”

“My friend - - - my child! let me embarrass you!”

* * * *

“Tis hard to say good-bye,

We poets often write,
But it seems to me when young men call
On maids, and linger in the hall,
‘Tis harder just to say good-night.

* * * *

Mr. Tyler in Senior French.—“Les chefs s’occupèrent de rassembler leur monnaie.”

“The cooks were assembling their people.”

* * * *

Mr. Moore, translating Virgil.—
“With a smile on his face.”

Miss H.—“I don’t see where you get that.”

Mr. Moore.—“He couldn’t smile any where else, could he?”

* * * *

Reddy Rounds,
Game Warden
of
Kimball Park.

Close season on dears.

The above notice was recently issued to the public. Poachers beware!

* * * *

Miss Herrick in Senior English.—
“Prometheus was chained to a rock and ravens were sent to eat his liver. Who came to deliver Prometheus?”

M. C. H.—“I should think that the ravens came to de-liver him.”

Mr. Brown in French II.—“S’essuyant les yeux et l’a croyant pres de lui.”

“Wiping his eyes and thinking they are behind him.”

* * * *

Applied Mathematics.

I sometimes wonder what’s the use

Of squaring the Hypotenuse,

Or why, unless it be to tease,

Things must be called Isosceles.

Of course I know that mathematics

Are mental stunts and acrobatics,

To give the brain a drill gymnastic

And make gray matter more elastic—

Is that why Euclid has employed

Trapezium and Trapezoid,

I wonder?—yet it seems to me

That all the Plain Geometry

One needs is just this simple feat—

Whate’er your line, make both ends meet!

* * * *

“Of all the sounds that charm me most is the sound of an auto whistle.”

V. M.

* * * *

The Sophomores are mourning the loss of their pet Eagle, but their loss is the Freshmen’s gain.

* * * *

In Chemistry.—“Mr. Brown, can you take a match and light a piece of coal?”

Mr. B.—“Yes, if the match is large enough.”

* * * *

“Vhy vorry ofer vot vos not yet happened.”

* * * *

Mr. Chandler, reading in Virgil about the taking of Troy:

“Vidi Neoptolemus.”

“I saw Napoleon.”

* * * *

Scene: Supper table at Holden Hall. Mr. Moore to Miss Whitmore, while discussing names, “How would you like to change your name?”



ATHLETICS

BASE BALL.

Our base ball season was very short last spring on account of an epidemic of measles in the school. It was not until the last three weeks of school that there were enough boys able to play to make up a nine. We played but two games. In the first game we defeated Gorham 8 to 3, and on Friday of the commencement week our Alumni defeated us 9 to 2. Both games were very well played, and showed that we had material for a good team, if sickness had not interrupted our practice.

BASKET BALL.

Although three of last year's team,

including Captain Judkins, are not in school this year, yet the prospects for a successful basket ball season are bright.

Percy Farnham was elected by the Board of Control to succeed Captain Judkins, and through his efforts money has been raised to secure a coach for two weeks.

Mr. P. H. Shay of Fall River has been lately secured to coach the team, and under his guidance the best material is sure to be brought out and placed in the proper position.

Only one public game has been played thus far, and that with Norway High School.

The first half was very close, ending with the score 20 to 16 in favor of our boys. In the second half our team showed its superiority from the beginning, and the game ended 50 to 21 in favor of Gould's.

Norway H. S. 21.

Klane, rf.,
Haskell, rg.,
Shepherd, lg.,
Young, lf.,
Chute, c.,

Gould's 50.

rf., Hayford.
lf., Small.
lg., Bean.
rg., Farnham.
c., Howe.

The following schedule has been arranged:

- Jan. 2.—Bethel All Stars.
- Jan. 9.—Norway High at Norway.
- Jan. 17.—Morse High at Bath.
- Jan. 23.—Groveton High at Bethel.
- Jan. 30.—Westbrook Seminary at Portland.
- Feb. 6.—Morse High at Bethel.
- Feb. 13.—Deering High at Bethel.
- Feb. 20.—Westbrook Seminary at Bethel.
- Feb. 27.—Groveton High at Groveton, N. H.

A strong second team is being developed under the management of Captain Rounds, which will play several games with out of town teams during the season.

SCHOLARSHIPS.

Mrs. Charles M. Pratt, who for the past two years has offered \$200 each year for character and scholarship prizes, has this year offered two scholarships of \$100 each to assist in paying expenses of two deserving pupils at Holden Hall. These scholarships to be known as the Morris Pratt Memorial Scholarships.

To be eligible for the scholarships, pupils must not only need the assistance, but must be worthy of it. In other words, they must have shown that they are already making the most and best of their time and opportunities, as loyal and helpful members of the school and of the Holden Hall family.

A scholarship of \$50 to be awarded in like manner, is also offered by another generous and loyal friend, who wishes to be of helpful service, but who prefers to remain unknown.

CHRISTMAS GIFT TO GOULD'S ACADEMY.

On Christmas morning Principal Hanscom received from Joseph S. Rich of New York the following list of valuable books for the Academy Library:

The Educational Ideal,	Munroe
Theory and Practice of Teaching,	Branson
Teaching a District School,	Dinsmore
Common Sense Didactics,	Sabin
Our Schools and Their Administrations,	Chancellor
The School and Its Life,	Gilbert
The Basis of Practical Teaching,	Bryan
Jean Mitchell's School,	Wray
Talks to Teachers on Psychology,	James

The Recitation, Betts
The Hygiene of the School-room,

Barry
Reading: How to Teach It, Arnold

These books make an excellent nucleus for a professional library for the use of the Normal Training Course, so strongly recommended by the State Inspector of Schools at his last annual visit.

Our townspeople are realizing more and more how much Mr. Rich has done for our village library, and the discriminating taste that has been shown in his selection of books for the already large and rapidly growing "Rich Collection." The thanks of the school and community go out to Mr. Rich in generous measure for this latest gift.

OPPORTUNITY.

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:—
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's
banner

Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed
by foes.

A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener
steel—

That blue blade that the king's son bears,—
but this

Blunt thing!" he snapt and flung it from
his hand,

And lowering crept away and left the field,
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore be-
stead,

And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt buried in the dry and trodden sand,
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

—Edward Rowland Sill.



EXCHANGES.

Our list of exchanges is rather short, but we hope that before our next issue it will have lengthened considerably. Among our exchanges are:

- "Washingtonia," Washington State Normal School.
- "Oracle," Edward Little High School.
- "Caduceus," Norway High School.
- "Bates Student," Bates College.
- "Maine Campus," U. of M.
- "Colby Echo," Colby College.

Lines of Algebra remind us,

We can call our class sublime,
And by asking foolish questions
Take up all the teacher's time.

Ex.

"Why don't women dress sensibly?"

"If they did, half the industries of the world would go to smash."

Ex.

"She dances like a chicken."

"Yes, she is the very poultry of motion."

Ex.

Some years ago the college entrance requirements in English called for the "careful study" of four or five English classics, one of which was Carlyle's Essay on Burns. The applicants for admission to a certain Pennsylvania college were asked to make an estimate of the literary value of Burns' poetry. One aspirant for freshman standing concluded his little essay with the following remarkable sentence: "Burns would of been a far greater poet if he had not used so much slang."—Ex.

In the parlor there were three—
The maid, the parlor lamp, and he.
Three's a company, without doubt,
And so the parlor lamp went out.
Ex.

The Presidents of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia

and other leaders of education in America will write on various phases of college life and education in the 1914 Numbers of

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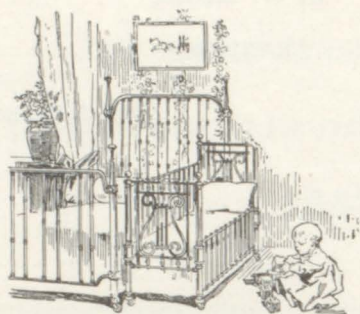
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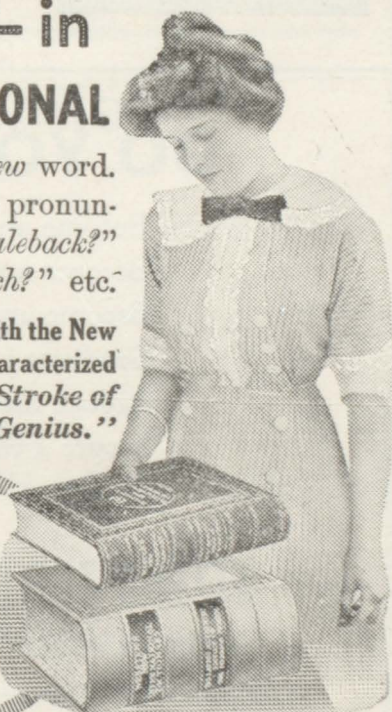
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